Daily & Eagle

IN THE HEART OF ASIA.

DAVID KER'S EXPERIENCES IN A WILD, BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

Samarcand"-Brave Old Gen. Abramoff and His Wound-A Curious Meal in a Far Away Land.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, June -The Zer-Affshan (gold giving) river is rushing down in full flood, and all around us is one whirl of boiling foam as we struggle against the charge of the headlong current, while the dull, grinding roar of the cruel publics that are champing and chafing against each other in the waters below sounds like the distant trample of a thousand horsemen.

Only a few moments ago I was laughing at the huge, clumsy frame and seven foot wheels of the Turcoman wagon, for which we had just exchanged the light Russian transport cart that had carried us across the ghostly soli-tudes of the "Hungry Steppe." But now those seven foot wheels are already half covered and sinking deeper with every moment. Our sturdy Tartar horses can barely keep their footing against the mighty swirl of the torrent; and the steep grassy ridge of the farther some, which seemed so near when we first caught said of it, now appears terribly far away, and some to recode farther every time

Bang, bang, bang & leaping waters come hammeting against the trembling planks be-neath our feet, like the bony hand of Death socking for entrance. Our driver-a gaunt, shaggy haired, wild eyed Bashkir, with nothing on but a greasy sheepskin-goads his flagging horses to now efforts with a succession of screams as ear piercing as the whistle of a locomotive, while my Tartar servant, as he and I cling to each other to keep ourselves from being flung headlong out of the rock-ing, reeing wagon, mutters with sulien Mos-

"Master, if we are drowned, it is kismet"

"Fate be hanged!" growl I; and, indeed, after having in the course of this one sum-mer had two previous escapes of drowning, risked being hanged as a spy, lain prisoner for seven weeks in a Cossack mud fort, faced a desert sand storm, tracked my way for a thousand miles over the most perilous wastes of Central Asia by the bleaching skeletons of my predecessors, passed unharmed through countless Tartar savages, and defied two at-tacks of fever and Asiatic plague, it does seem hard to be drowned at last in a beggarly ditch like this,

But such appears only too likely to be the end of it, after all. Our horses are already almost off their feet, and another moment may see them and the wagon and ourselves whirled headlong down the furious river to certain death.

But all at once the deadly pressure slackens, the rocking of the wagon becomes less violent, the gasping, struggling horses seem to rise higher out of the water, and our gob-Lah!" (praise God). We have struck a sunken bar of gravelly sand that juts out into the stream from the opposite shore, and, picking our way carefully along it, we come safely our way carefully along it, we come safely out upon dry land a few minutes later.

And now comes our reward. A zigzag path carries us quickly up the Chepan-Ata ridge above us (amid the thorny undergrowth of which a few whitened, sapless bones still linger as tokens of the great buttle that sealed the fate of Samarcand and of Central Asia), and from its crest we look down in the glory of the sunrise upon the full splen-der of a panorama to which no words can do

The whole breadth of the vast oval basin below as is one dark green mass of semitropical foliage, through which three or four tiny streams dance and sparkle in the sun-light. On either side of us the curving slopes of the bold ridge that we have just climbed form a frame well worthy of this matchless picture. Far to the southward the bare, yellow sandstone hills of Shahr Sabz (the Central Asian Montenegro) tower like a brazen wall against the lustrous sky, while in the leaves and green tender vines, rises the former capital of Asia, "queenly Samarcand," with its endless vista of shining domes and tall, spear pointed minarets, and white, flat roofed houses, and stern, gray ramparts, and giant towers glowing like rainbows with the barbaric richness of their many colored mosaics all which, steeped in the cloudless spiendor of the clear bright summer morning, burst

upon our eyes in one dazzling blaze of glory. "If they ever get a railroad up here," thought I, little dreaming how soon the Trans-Caspian railway, via Askabad and Merv, was to make good my words, "all the tourists in the world ought to come here in a

But at that moment we had something else to think of than admiring the scenery, wet and weary as we were and sleepless during two nights of incessant hurrying through the ghostly solitudes of the Tartar steppes; for just then I was doing the same sort of "match against time" along the custern side of the great desert which my brother correndent, J. A. McGahan of The New York Herald (the only man except myself who had succeeded in penetrating Central Asia during the war in spite of Russia's opposition), was performing at its western extremity. Urging our inded team to what little speed was left in them, we rattled down the rocky slope into Samarcand, and, fighting our way through clouds of dust worthy of an Arabian simoorn, pulled up at length in front of the quaint little timber post bouse, with its black and white stripss, which was our only available refuge, hotels being an unbeard of phenomenon in Central Asia.

My first care was to examine my store chests and camp equipage, which, after two days' bumping and jolting over the desert days' bumping and joining over the desert and the passage of a flooded river, would naturally be—as a British tourist said of Pompeii and Herculaneum—"most disgracefully out of repair." And in truth I found them—in the graphic phrass of English sailors—"all nohow." The fragments of my ink bottle were stuck like cloves all over my last Bologna gausage, while the ink which it had contained was adding a new and piquant flavor to my Russian camp biscuits. A hump of half melted sugar had modestly retired from view into one of my stockings. My few remaining sheets of writing paper. My few remaining sheets of writing paper were adhering, with a firmness worthy of a better cause, to the inner side of a bulf caten rye loaf, and a large piece of chocolate outstretched at its case in a packet of black

"Well," cried I, "here is a fine chance for an experiment. Let us see how chocolate anditon taste together."

Into my camp kettle they both went, and "how they tasted together" I soon learned to my cost, from the most herrible flavor that had ever assailed my palate, used as it was to every queer dish from the boiled camel of Turkestan to the pounded black ant of South America. But a kind of froth in the dregs of the mixture suddenly attracted my attention, and a closer inspection showed me that the supposed "chocolate" which I had been mixing with my ten was really a piece of

The detail of this chocolate misadventure 521 a great success that evening at the table of the military governor of Samarcand, brave old Gen. Abramoff, who invited me to dinner the moment he heard of my arrival, and welcomed me as warmly as if I had been his best friend, instead of being a newly released prisoner who was still under grave suspicion, and whom he might any day be called upon to sacrifice on the halter of duty chingly as that resolute Irishman who vowed "to hang himself or perish in the

Asiatic custom, in an open sided pavilion in the midst of the general's garden; and the soft light of the colored lamps that hung soft ignt of the colored lamps that lung amid the dark, glossy foliage of the encircling trees, falling upon the gold laced uniforms and handsome faces of the guests, gave to the whole scene quite an operatic effect, which was very picturesquely heightened by the dark eastern faces, white robes, crimson shes, blue turbans and tall, gaunt figures of he rative attendants.

Scated in the place of honor at my host's right hand I had an excellent chance of viewng at my leisure a man of whom I had heard o much, and whose name will live in the nistory of Russia as long as the world lasts, As I then saw him for the first time Gen. Abramoff looked "every inch a soldier;" and his square, powerful frame and bold, manly, sunburned face, with its thick mustache and short, grayish brown hair, would have made a priceless study for a painter who was then ist beginning to achieve the renown which he has since attained in full measure-Vasili

Vereshtchagin.

A black skull cap covered the old warrior's massive head, masking a gaping scar more glorious than the crown of Russia. The history of that wound (which I should never have learned from the hero himself) I had already heard from others-how Abramoff, left almost alone amid the dying and the dead when the Russians were falling like leaves beneath the deadly fire that withered their rash and fil concerted attack on Kitab was still cheering on his fainting men, and watching in vain for the supports which some miserable blunder had delayed, when he was struck on the forehead by a bullet which plowed its way along the whole crown of the head, from front to back, though happily without penetrating the skull.
"It's lucky he fainted, or we could never

have got him away," said the officer who told me the story. "But when we praised him as the bravest of us all, he shook his head, and said here was a far braver man among us. And then he told us of a grenadier whom he had seen carrying away a wounded man in his arms, when six of the enemy came rushing upon him shee. Then the Russian laid down his wounded comrade as tenderly as a mother with her child, and, clubbing his mpty rifle, fought the whole six of them single handed; and when our fellows came up to the rescue they found this man, with three wounds in him, still standing over his friend and keeping five of the six at bay, while the sixth lay dead under foot, with his skull smushed in like an egg shell."

All went off merrily, and I have seldom had a pleasanter meal than this haphazard pienic, far away in the grim deserts of Asia, among men whom the world regards as mere savages thinly lacquered over with an outside show of civilization. When dinner was done my host produced for my amusement a number of sketches of local military positions, executed with such admirable clearness and precision that I eagerly asked the author's name.

"A Capt. Skobeleff, who has lately joined us here," replied the general, little thinking that the unknown name which he uttered so carelessly was destined to shake the whole world with its terrible renown barely four years later.

"A smart officer, whoever he is," said I; violent, the gasping, struggling horses seem to rise higher out of the water, and our gobbin war and diplomacy. When I was at lindriver pants forth a guttural, "Mash-Allent Western and the war and diplomacy. When I was at lindriver pants forth a guttural, "Mash-Allent Western and the war and diplomacy. When I was at lindriver pants forth a guttural, "Mash-Allent Western and the war and diplomacy. When I was at lindriver pants forth a guttural, "Mash-Allent Western and the war and diplomacy." of the desert, Col. Goloff, the commandant, allowed me to watch him dispensing justice to the Tartars, and they seemed to go away quite satisfied, though it struck me that his judgments were rather harsh, and his way of giving them harsher still. But when I hinted as much he only answered: "When a native comes to me with a complaint I let him tell his story right through to the end, even if he takes an hour to it; and then, when he's had his talk fairly out (which is what he wants), he don't so much mind being oppressed a Now, an Englishman in the same case would stop him short in the first five min-utes and tell him to hold his tongue for a cursed, prating fool."

"That's just where we have the advantage. beyond a doubt," said Abramoff. "The English persist in treating every Oriental as a European and judging him from a European point of view, while we, being half Asiatics ourselves, treat him as an Asiatic and judge him from an eastern point of view.

"And, moreover," said I, "when John Bull has any underhand work to do he comforts his conscience by always doing it very badly. When he has to bribe he in the wrong man. When he must tell a lie he tells it so clumsily as to deceive no one, whereas the Russian gives his whole heart to the duty of deceiving his neighbor, and does thoroughly well. There is a verse of an old English psalm which just photographs the modern Russian diplomatist:

"More soft than butter were his words, While in his breast was war; His speeches were more smooth than oil,

And yet drawn swords they are." The general bowed as if acknowledging a high compliment (for such it probably ap-peared to him), and surned the talk upon the battle of Chepan-Ata, the scene of which I had traversed that morning on my way to the city. Abramoff himself had figured prominently in that famous fight as a colonel of Cossacks, and he needed little pressing to tell the whole story over again.

In the old warrior's stirring words every feature of that memorable struggle lives be fore me again. There stand the little handful of Russians on the river bank, with the shing stream before them, and beyond it the great mountain ridge, all ablaze with polished belmets, and flashing swords, and embroidered tunics, and crimson scarfs, and snow white turbans, and all the barbario splender of an eastern army. Then comes the shout of "Forward!"—the plunge into the whirling waters-the blaze and crash of cannon and musketry from above—the half seen forms of the daring assailants, struggling through feaming water and pelting shot and rolling smoke. Then, all at once, the glitter-ing masses overhead begin to waver and tremble, and suddenly the great host breaks and scatters like a flock of sheep, and plunges in one great cataract of headlong flight down the farther slope of the ridge toward lost

ran back into his hole. And, for all I know, he may be there yet, for our soldlers wouldn't touch him, saying that if all the Basurmani (heathen) had fought like him, the Russians would not have seen Samarcand that day."

DAVID KER.

Wanted to Go Paster.

"I was reading in a paper yesterday," he said as he halted a citized in front of the soldiers' monument, "that a duck could fly ninety miles an nour. Do you believe it pos-

"That is rather a strange question to ask me, sir!" replied the other, with considerable

cold storage in his voice.
"Yes, I know, but I want to find out.
There are occasions when I have to leave my house in a hurry, and if a duck can make this gait, and there is no patent on it, I'm going to catch on. Perhaps you never tried to out-run a flat iron, sir!"—Detroit Free Press.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria When she had Children, she gave them Castoria, SUSAN GOODLOW, MIND READER.

She Lives in St. Louis, and They Tell Grea There is a young lady in St. Louis who bids fair to make a distinguished mind reader. Her name is Susan Goodlow. A reporter of The Globe-Democrat was recently invited to

witness a manifestation of Miss Goodlow's power. He was taken into a parlor simply furnished, and before the young lady ap-peared with her mother and sister the repor-torial party examined the furniture, espe-cially the table upon which Miss Goodlow was to reproduce drawings from those made by

Miss Goodlow does not pretend to under-stand how she reproduces these drawings. Some one makes a drawing which is given to the girl's mother, who looks at it, intently holding Susie's hand while she does so. The girl closes her eyes and concentrates her atgri closes her eyes and concentrates her au-tention on a point about one inch back of her forehead. After a minute, or several minutes, a picture of the drawing floats before her mental vision. This she sketches on paper.

In the exhibition referred to Miss Goodlo

caned her arm on the table and laid her face

on her arm. While she was in this position

the reporter sketched a triangle and a cross,

ORIGINALS. which the young lady copied on her paper,

as in the second column. At the next trial every one in the room took seats behind Miss Goodlow, and the re-porter had one side of the apartment entirely to himself. This time the girl was to attem to produce impressions conveyed directly by reporter. He drew a rudimentary dog, which he gazed upon steadily, holding Mis-Susio's hand in his, thus:



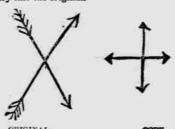
Presently she produced something which bore some resemblance to parts of the origi-



The next experiment was very successful It was the reproduction of a drawing of a



very like the original.



ORIGINAL COPY. Miss Goodlow made several efforts in this case, but effected nothing so near like the original as the copy here given. Lastly she produced the letter "B" quite perfectly, though reversed. It will be noticed that the house also is reversed. The mind reader says that these images are usually reversed as though seen in a mirror; why, she cannot

Miss Goodlow is about 18 years old. She is a brunette, and of a nervous temperament. Her mother was formerly a medium. The daughter expects to go to New York soon, where if it is deemed advisable she will prepare to exhibit her peculiar power in public

The Scandal About the Blues

Miss Two Thirty-Have you heard the scandal about the Blues! Miss Two Twenty—No, dear. What is it!
Miss Two Thirty—Why, he went out of
town on pretended business and came back—
Miss Two Twenty—And caught her with— Miss Two Thirty-No, dear. They caught

They get their heads so close together that it is impossible to hear another word. -San

To Complete the Team. A small 7-year-old was one day informed of the advent of a new brother, the seventh son. Much to his mother's diamay the next night a supplement to his evening prayer was: "O, Lord, please send us twins next time. You know it takes nine to play base-ball and we've only got seven."—Philadel-

No Dressmaker in Heaven Mr. Peterby—So that poor dressmaker over the way is dead.

Mrs. Peterby-Yes, but she is better off She was a very good woman and has gone to Tommy Peterby-Well, may be so; but she

won't have much to do there. - Texas Siftings. Two women were looking at the goods dis-

played in the window of a dealer in baseball "What is that?" asked No. 1.
"That is a bat," replied No. 2.
"Oh, yes," sighed No. 1; "my husband was out on one last night."—Texas Siftings.

Not So Very High. Omaha Pa-Is that new dress our daughter wore at the reception last night the correct thing?

Omaha Ma-Yet it is the beight of fashion Omaha Pa-Abem! The beight of fashion is pretty low in the neck this year, isn't it!-Omaha World. He Died Suddeuly.

"How did your husband meet his death?" "He fell through a trap." "In the dark, I suppose?"
"No, it was broad daylight, but there was a black cap over his face and he couldn't see, poor man."—Yankee Blade.

The Commencement Season.
"Standing with rejuctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,"
Are the pretty graduates sweet;
In their gowns of silk and satin,
Getting theepskins done in Latin!
What a dainty beauty show!
And—sakes silve! How much therein

Beally an Advantage.

Again the hard hearted historian has laid violent hands upon the story of the Highland lassis who, shut up in the walls of Lucknow, heard the welcome sound of the bagpless of the Highland regiment playing "The Campbells Are Comme," which, he declares, is formed upon incrination and not more fact.

founded upon imagination and not upon fact.
It really does not matter much. People
enjoy "Hamlet" and "Dandis Dinmont" and
"Sam Weller" without bothering themselves to inquire whether they are founded on fact or not, and it is really an advantage for the Lucknow lassie to leave the shifting sands of history and take up her abode on the firm ground of fiction.-Toronto Globe

Infringing on Her Rights.

Alfred (repturously)-Now, darling, pleas name the happy day.

Minnie (blushingly)—Three weeks from
next Thursday, Alfred.

wake.-Chicago Tribune.

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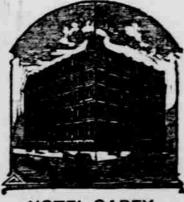
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